

Editorial Comment

Political Interest

Members of the University of Nebraska convocations committee, along with public relations and administration officials, must have been almost universally pleased with the large number of students who turned out to see the "Break the News Panel" convocation.

The Daily Nebraskan believes that this refutes many who argue that University students are unaware of what is going on

about them. Senator Paul Douglas appeared at a time when concern for politics has begun to climb to a high interest peak throughout Nebraska. The size of his audience shows that students definitely do care, and offers hope that many of them will attempt to play an active role in politics ala 1960.

We thank the University for authorizing this all University convocation and voice our desire to be afforded more opportunities in the future to be a part of such stimulating events.

Individual Staff Views

By Carroll Kraus

Is the activities picture changing at NU? Looks like it could be judging from some of the things that have happened this fall.

Penny Carnival will be no more. Kosmet Klub originally had 17 skits scheduled for tryouts in the Fall Revue. When the choosing of finalists came around, only five skits were presented for the picking of four participating skits. AUF Auction is another thing of the past.

Perhaps it's because the worth of some activities just doesn't keep them living and active. Or maybe students are becoming more academic in their outlook and would rather study than build booths, plan musical skits and be put on the auction block.

The Student Council activities committee defended the worth of certain campus activities such as Coed Follies and the KK fall show recently because the shows were said to be voluntary. The committee said the decision to participate in these activities is up to the individual student.

But if a house decides to participate in the Kosmet Klub show or the Follies, getting up a skit won't be very voluntary. People have to be pressed into service in the skits whether they want to or not. Seems it's always hard to find enough volunteers to swing any activity, no matter how much a house may profit by it. Everyone may approve of the participation, but they'd just as soon let the other person do the work.

Some campus leaders have even gone so far as to say that politicking is nearly dead at dear old NU. Must be getting harder and harder to pull deals.

But then comes along a new campus group, the Young Democrats, to add another organization to the campus list. But

Young Democrats' present and future success has hinged on the fact that 1958 was an election year. With Democratic gains on Nov. 4, the group may hold a position of some campus prominence, but really can't be considered in the same nature of activities as Kosmet Klub, student publications and student governing bodies.

Some fraternities that didn't submit KK scripts for the Fall Revue pointed to the fact that Homecoming took enough time away from pledges and actives alike. Sororities pointed out the same thing through Coed Counselors when Penny Carnival was axed. They took the same viewpoint towards the AUF Auction.

Maybe some of the more influential campus intelligents are behind the whole thing. They may be gunning for a PBK key rather than a Mortar Board mask or an Innocents' hood.

A few things I've always wondered about:

How come: Panhellenic doesn't make ominous-sounding resolutions like the Interfraternity Council?

Love Library closes so early on Sunday?

The State Historical Society Building, which at first glance appears to be symmetrical, has more windows on one side than the other?

Senior women have closing hours? The Student Tribunal is called a Tribunal?

Nebraskans and the University of Nebraska for that matter, have an inferiority complex?

Some people will be dismissed from a class and walk away even when a very top-flight All-University Convocation is offered?

From the Editor

A Few Words of a Kind

... e. e. hines

Monday noon I was privileged to sit in on a luncheon for Sen. Paul Douglas, Democratic senator from Illinois. After a long, long diet of equivocating government and school officials, I walked away on Cloud 7 because I had finally met a representative who told you what he believed and why.

If Nebraska has been hurt by anything politically, it seems to be the lack of representatives in government of even half the caliber of Senator Douglas. Students who managed to take in his panel with newsmen at the all University convocation Monday morning will probably agree that they have known few persons with as forthright and challenging a manner—especially in answering questions. My blood still boils when I think of asking one of our school officials a certain question at least three times last year at a luncheon session of the same nature as this. All I got was three long orations on wholly unrelated subjects. And afterward the person had the audacity to ask, "Just what is your pitch, anyway?"

The senator is a former professor. I thought during the session that if he were as good a professor as he is a senator—at least when justifying his belief in a particular political stand—that his students were extremely fortunate. His articulateness and willingness to discuss any matter that members of the luncheon audience, primarily professors and newsmen, asked couldn't help but win him a place in the heart of anyone who has ever wanted a straight forward answer from a politician.

Senator Douglas has made a young convert.

Sunday evening the Union ballroom was filled with a near capacity audience for the annual all University talent show. The crowd saw some promising young performers. Hats off to the Union and those students who showed their wares.

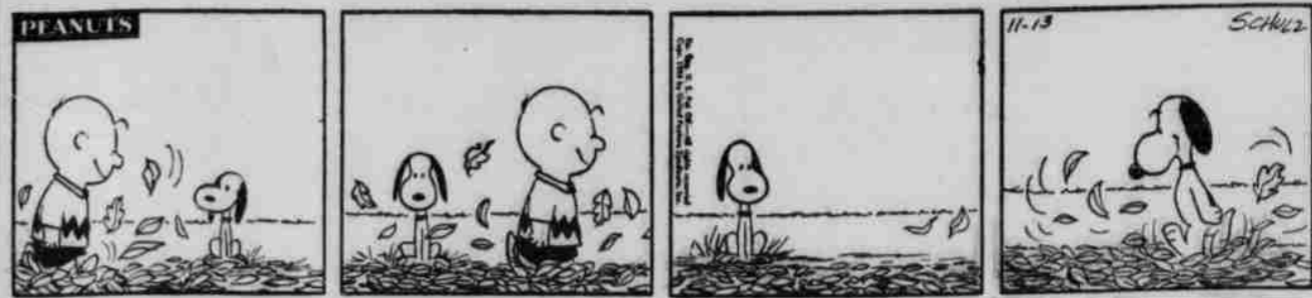
Periodically I devote a few inches to bemoaning my state of intellectual endeavor. This is probably because I have read too many sources which emphasize that a college diploma doesn't make a man educated and a good portion of your college work is wasted time. An honest man (see how I load my argument) couldn't help but agree with this point of view.

The plain fact is that every person is limited in the amount of culture that he can absorb into his lazy and fleeting life. Being the stubborn soul that I am, I find it almost impossible to sit still in class after class while a professor rants on and on about subjects to which he has chosen to devote his life, but which to me mean only hours of subdued endurance in usually stuffy, poorly ventilated rooms.

My subconscious decision seems to be to devote my remaining college days to stoic opposition against enthusiastic or dutiful attempts by professors to liberalize or broaden my outlook on life. I am not pleased with what I am, but I feel I would be less pleased with what many instructors would make of me.

In spite of this talk of faltering interest in current intellectuals pursuits, I find myself pleased with having dashed through Hamlet as preparation for my English class this week. The drama is fascinating and intriguing enough to capture the most action demanding creature, and the speeches are such that (as Dr. Dallas Williams said in the Shakespeare feature story Monday) they stimulate thinking. In Hamlet, many of us woe is me crying fellows find a companion who makes us feel that our griefs are not all our own. If I were the Bohemian student that I sometimes feel I would like to be, the highest tribute I feel that I could pay Hamlet is that he seems like a fellow I'd like to get drunk with. A fellow with as many facets to his personality would assure you that his words and ideas would be as stimulating and intoxicating as the wine you shared.

But alas, poor Yorick!



Flickering Art

By John West

John Ford's production of "The Last Hurrah" (Columbia) could well have become the most interesting picture of the season. Its political theme, carefully translated from Edwin Connor's 1956 bestseller, is particularly apposite to an election year: its cast including Spencer Tracy, Jeffrey Hunter, Pat O'Brien and Basil Rathbone, is more than adept; its good humor is especially refreshing after the scores of shockers on first run screens lately. "The Last Hurrah" is, however, overly stereotyped, overly saccharine and overly long.

Frank Nugent's screenplay masterfully justifies the graft and coercion of Frank Skeffington (Tracy in a brilliant performance), big city boss, old-line Irish-American politician — and reputedly the strong parallel of former mayor, James Michael Curley of Boston. He is Robin Hood, and benevolently bestowing upon the poor.

Tracy's resourcefulness in besting the stuffy local bankers, who oppose a loan for a much needed low-rent housing development; his foiling of a mercenary undertaker when an old friend is buried (the wake is turned into a political rally) — these are opportunities for memorable scenes, but the conflicts are too often solved by the luck of the Irish. And the dialect and dialogue of some of the supporting players (O'Brien, Donald Crisp, Edward Brophy, Wallace Ford, Frank McHugh, Jane Darwell and James Flavin, mugging it up among them) make one wonder if director Ford still thought he was working on "The Informer" or "The Quiet Man." The production values are only fair.

Without extending too many of the details of the concluding full reel of Skeffington's "last hurrah," at least he is forewarned to extend a little patience and to duck the histrionics. You will note that the only tears are on-screen.

In summation, 'tis an effort of moments, great and well; of humor, bad and good; of

production, polished and green. It's Casey without the Dublin Players. It's uninspired Ford, but magnificent Tracy — and, despite its shortcomings, is well worth seeing.

Affable State theatre manager, Clayton Cheever is making sure his aisle ropes, too long in mothballs, are still capable of holding back the hungry swain. Effective Wednesday, regular study hour gaps between afternoon classes are expected to be happily spent in two-hour visits downtown to see a Miss Bardot in her latest, "The Night Heaven Fell."

As was the case last spring, with her earlier appearance in that classic of flesh and familiarity, "And God Created Woman," the management is in anticipation of bitter critical outcries from adults with raised eyebrows. However, let it be pointed out that the film industry is one based on the axiom of "giving the people what they want."

And this is the answer to the paltry grosses of such American classics as "Twelve Angry Men," "The Quiet American," "Desire Under the Elms" and "Paths of Glory" — to name but a few of the more recent, and most undeserving, financial catastrophes.

My Little World

I repent in ten thousand ways for ever having dark thoughts about people who moaned when they were sick. Right now I feel as though I were something that crawled up out of the ground — something left over from the Funeral Party held last night — and I want sympathy. I want to say that I have never felt worse and have condolences and pats on the heads and words of cheer. In other words, I have the flu and nothing is more miserable than to have your stomach in a constant state of agitation. From now on, anyone who doesn't feel well need only call me and they will have the most sympathetic ear and the softest shoulder on which to unburden their woes.

Maybe part of my condition is due to the movie that I saw Friday night. I am not a movie fan and loathe people who can name stars and titles glibly — but this deserves even my unenthusiastic mention. It is entitled "The Defiant Ones" and did more to my nerves than any brew could ever hope to do. I felt like I had run every inch of the way with the two escaped convicts and naturally shed copious tears at the sad ending. But it was a superb ending and for those of you who could tear yourselves away from the enticements of the "Blob" it was well worth the

time. Speaking of movies, I am getting all excited about the foreign films and wish they would hurry up and start. They are probably the most exciting things of the whole year. What with Foreign Films, Broadway Plays, Community Concerts, University Plays — my culture is just blooming.

I'm a sucker for a sales talk and also for anything that sounds worthwhile (there's that word again — it sounds so puritanical). All of this is one long beratement at the students who don't think these opportunities are worth a night away from the habitual haunts. But I'm not crusading, merely waving a sick hand.

I will now quietly subside and I'm sure the university will go on quite in its present state. As T. S. Eliot said "We are living and partly living." How apt. He really is a most marvelous man with a quote suitable to all occasions. And if one can't be witty oneself, such a person is a fine substitute.

Phi Sigma Iota

Eleven undergraduate and graduate students have been initiated into Phi Sigma Iota, romance language national honor society.

The undergraduates are Carole Crate, Sally Downs, Mrs. Virjean Hokanson, Judith Hughes, Marcia Laging, Ted Snedicker and Ericka Starck.

Daniel Bernd Rafael Escandon, Zephaniah Mahabee and John McPeck are the graduates.

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Includes a small photo of a man and the text 'the fabulous talents of person with the Quiet Man'.

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